

TERMS: In Advance, \$2.00; if not paid within six months, fifty cents additional. No paper discontinued until arrearages are paid, except at the option of the proprietor.

Job Printing of every kind executed with neatness and dispatch at the Register Office. Orders by mail or otherwise will receive prompt attention.

BUSINESS CARDS.

O. E. ROSS, M.D., Surgeon and Physician. Office next door to Ira W. Clark's Law Office. Room at C. J. Soper's. 14

LANGWORTHY & BOND, Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Ready-made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Gent's Furnishing Goods, &c., &c. 817 MIDDLEBURY, VT.

J. BLISS, Dealer in Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, Cloaks, Shawls, Corsets, Hoop Skirts, Gloves, &c. BRANDON, VT.

OZRO MEACHAM, Dealer in Ready-made Clothing, Hats, Caps, Trunks, Valises, Furnishing Goods, &c. BRANDON, VT.

E. W. JUDD, Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of American and Foreign Marble, Granite Work, &c. With North Middlebury Marble Co. 117

W. M. McBRIDE, Dealer in Groceries, Flour, Corn Meal, Beans, Potatoes, &c. Adams Block. MIDDLEBURY, VT.

E. R. CLAY, Dealer in Millinery and Fancy Goods. 117 MIDDLEBURY, VT.

G. C. CHAPMAN, & SON, DEALERS in Dry Goods, Groceries, &c. 117 MIDDLEBURY, VT.

E. VALLETTE, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, &c. 117 MIDDLEBURY, VT.

M. H. WELCH, Dealer in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Groceries, &c. 117 MIDDLEBURY, VT.

C. NELLIS, Dealer in Paper Hangings, Window Shades, Caskets, &c. 69

H. A. SHELDON, Dealer in Drugs and Medicines, Groceries, Dry Goods, Ready-made Clothing, &c. 117 MIDDLEBURY, VT.

H. W. BREWSTER, Dealer in Gold and Silver Watches, Silver and Plated Ware, of every description. All kinds of Repairing done at the lowest rates. 117 MIDDLEBURY, VT.

E. S. ATWOOD, & SON, Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, &c. 117 MIDDLEBURY, VT.

M. TRIPP, Sheriff for Addison County. Office next door to Ira W. Clark's Law Office. 117 MIDDLEBURY, VT.

IRA W. CLARK, Attorney & Counselor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery. Particular attention paid to bankruptcy. Office in the building next door to the Court House. 117 MIDDLEBURY, VT.

THOMAS H. McLEOD, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Solicitor in Chancery, and Claim Agent. Office at his residence, West end of the Bridge. 117 MIDDLEBURY, VT.

STEWART & ELDRIDGE, Attorneys and Counselors at Law. 117 MIDDLEBURY, VT.

DR. S. T. ROWLEY, Eclectic Physician. At his residence on Seymour Street. 117 MIDDLEBURY, VT.

I. V. DAGGETT, M. D., Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon. Office at A. L. Bingham's. WEST CORNHILL, VT.

M. H. EDDY, M. D., Physician and Surgeon. Office in the building next door to the Court House. 117 MIDDLEBURY, VT.

C. G. STEELE, Agent for Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company in Addison County. Office hours, from 8 to 11 A. M.

O. S. DICKINSON, Dealer in Watches and Fine Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware, of every description. Next door to the Court House. 117 MIDDLEBURY, VT.

J. H. NICHOLS & CO., Dealers in Books, Stationery, and Miscellaneous Goods. 117 MIDDLEBURY, VT.

A. J. SYLVESTER, Proprietor of the Hotel. 117 MIDDLEBURY, VT.

V. E. HANCOCK, Proprietor of the Hotel. 117 MIDDLEBURY, VT.

D. DOUGLAS, SADDLERY & REPAIRS. 117 MIDDLEBURY, VT.

W. E. HANCOCK, Proprietor of the Hotel. 117 MIDDLEBURY, VT.

NEW GRAIN AND FEED STORE. The Subscriber will keep constantly on hand OATS, CORN, FLOUR, BRAN, MIXED FEEDS, OIL MEAL, BUCKWHEAT FLOUR, INDIAN MEAL, FLOUR OF BONE, and various other articles. Will sell at small margin from cost, for cash. V. W. CLAY, 117 MIDDLEBURY, April 17, 1868.

FLOUR! We have made extensive additions to our CRIST MILL, and can make as good flour as can be made any where. We are now selling our best Milwaukee Club Spring Wheat flour, and our warrant to be better than one-half the Winter wheat flour sold for \$1.50 per barrel. Also, Corn Meal, Potatoes, Oats, Bran and Shorts. SHELDON & OWENS, 117 MIDDLEBURY, June 24, 1868.

ON and AFTER TUESDAY SEPT. 1, the charges per day at the Broad Lead Inn will be again \$2.50; and the charge for dinner \$1.00. Charges per week will remain \$15.00 per month. Orders for dinner and 15 three-quarters price; under 19, half-price. Ripton, August 22, 1868. JOSEPH BATELL, 117

FOR SALE. A Timber Lot of nearly twenty acres, lying near the Baxter Island in Cornwall. The timber consists of Ash, Pine, Oak and Hemlock. Enquire of David Piper, Middlebury, or of M. S. KEELER, 117

MANHATTAN WATER.—A delightful toilet article—superior to Cologne, and at half the price. 40c

Middlebury Register

VOL. XXXIII MIDDLEBURY, VT., TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1868. NO. 27

MISCELLANY.

A Sister's Farewell. BY OLIVE E. F. THOMAS.

With affection pure and fervent, As an angel soul might know, Twine I now my arms around thee, While the golden sun sinks low. I have come to give my blessing, Sad, regretful though it be, On the hour that, swiftly passing, Parts forever me and thee.

Sister, I have brought white roses From the garden that we prize, Say you that the morning dew-drop Long upon their beauty lies; Long no more; 't is cast no sorrow O'er the gladness of thy brow, Though from the past I borrow Light to cheer my spirit now.

Hand in hand let us together Walk to meet in memory's halls, Where the blue of summer weather Softly on the vision falls; Where two young heads keep one pillow, Bend at night's calm hour of prayer, Drink from learning's pleasant fountain, Share the same parental care;

Where two pairs of feet are timing Measures that no discord know, In the hall, the lane, the garden, 'Mid the pebbles, to and fro; Where the years are fleeting onward, Swift as gulls' wings in air, None so dear to me as the roof-tree, With the songs of hope and love.

Memory hath another pathway,— Said we stand within its gloom, Where the dear ones of our circle Wear the vesture of the tomb? Clasp the sweet and winsome being, Whose fond smile we watched to see, Face to face, the calm of Eden, Where the sinless children be?

Press the forehead crowned with silver, Glimmering in earth's no more, 'T is but the honored tresses to shumber, 'T is but a mound the rain walks o'er, Parting sister, thus art weeping! Oh, so blend our falling tears, We will guard the holy meaning Of the unforgetting years!

See, the bright hour is passing! Walks the moon in glory now; Stars in early grace appearing, Wait to hear thy marriage vow. Flon art happy, for love's glowing, 'T is within thy thoughtful eye, In the hallowed radiance streaming, O'er thy hair, as years go by!

Though my arms may clasp thee never, Though our paths must afterward be, I will pray that careless fancy, In my high abode with thee; 'T is the chosen heart beside thee, Strength and honor give to mine, 'T is the heart that will be true, 'T is the heart that will be true, 'T is the heart that will be true.

Wear the roses! keep the smiling! Sweetly calls the wedding bell; 'T is the story of thy true life, Guardian angels wait to tell, 'T is the story of thy true life, Guardian angels wait to tell, 'T is the story of thy true life, Guardian angels wait to tell.

Break life's golden bowl—and then, To the heart whose love fades never, I will clasp thee,—mine again!

ITEMS. A language of the sole—Creaking boots. A universally liked gallant—The rain-bow. When is a literary work like smoke? When it is used in volumes. The New York Democracy has in Pomeroy, a "Buck in his hat," which makes it funny. If a lover finds a pleasant note from his sweetheart stuck in the key-hole, it is a keynote to his heart.

A negro, after gazing at the Chinese, exclaimed, "If I were white I'd be dark as that fellow. I wonder what he'd do if he were white!"

Scientific Note.—The appearance of the moths only may be regarded as the immediate effect of a great-mephitic discharge.

MISCELLANY.

A Wholesome Lesson. BY MRS. DENISON.

"Charles how would you, like to go to Allston?" asked Mr. Lyons one morning. "As it is your vacation, and there are some little matters which you might be able to attend to, it would make you a pleasant trip. I met Gov. Dunlap the other day; he is an old school friend of mine, and he told me it would give him great pleasure to entertain you at his house."

"I should like it of all things," said Charles, with difficulty keeping down the delight that sent the blood in torrents to his cheeks, for Charles Lyons prided himself upon his goodness. "A gentleman should never show that he is surprised," was his maxim, not above all things he wished to be quoted as a gentleman. To be sure he was only seventeen, but he had put off boyish sports and manners long ago; studied deeply upon the shade of the newest color in gloves, or the most elegant style of cravat; was extremely particular about the cut of his coat, and would not have worn an unfashionable hat for all the wealth of the universe. "I'm afraid Charles stood on the verge of dissipation, and that he was in danger of losing whatever manliness nature had generously imparted to him, from the moment he began causing the shade of a handsome pair of whiskers, which made him in appearance years older than he really was."

"Mr. Dunlap is governor of the State now, is he not, father?" asked Charles, placing his cup of coffee carefully back, for his hand trembled with the excitement which the retort had given him. "Yes, and one of the best men living. I never met with his equal for simple, earnest, high-minded manhood. He is nearly worshipped by the people where he lives, and might, I suppose, keep his office for life if he should choose. But it was in a manner forced upon him; I think he cares very little about it."

"I'll have those fine shirts done just in time, then," said Anna Lyons, who was very proud of her brother. "I don't believe you'll see any as handsome in Allston, or in any other place. It has taken a month's hard work just to embroider the buttons, and there are only two. I'm so glad they're all but finished. How nice you will look in your new suit!"

"I shall try to do the family credit," said Charles, swelling with pride, as he rose from the table. He did not say that he contended an honor on his father in accepting the opportunity, but undoubtedly he felt that he did.

It took several days to get ready, and meantime he made the announcement among his friends that he was going to stop at Gov. Dunlap's, as if it was only an every day occurrence. "Didn't know you were acquainted out there," said one of his friends. "Oh, yes, the Governor's an old friend of father's; know him very well, or, rather feel as if I did, he being a particular friend of the family. I expect to make some jolly new acquaintances out in Allston. And I understand the Governor has some very pretty daughters. I shan't be slow in getting interested there, you may be sure."

And Charles felt that he was irresistible, as he stood before the mirror, critically examining the effect of his new embroidered shirt-front, in which he determined to make his debut. He was handsome; there was no denying that, though his beauty was rather effeminate than masculine.

His figure was good, and his clothes fitted him faultlessly. With the new and elegant pattern waist strapped upon his shoulders, his new and jaunty traveling case, he felt that he could defy and conquer the world.

It was a fine day, then, on his journey, the most particular and punctilious of travelers looking about him with an air of self-conceit, as if he would say: "Pray notice me; I am an altogether unique specimen, perfectly exceptional, as to style, dress and address. My destination is the mansion of the chief executive of the State." Ordinary people had better not speak to me unless they wish to be snubbed. Take notice, sir."

The journey was nearly ended—the cars were within two score miles of their destination, when they stopped at a thriving town, where the empty seats were soon taken up. Our hero had passed an uncomfortable night on account of the crowded state of the cars. He had just taken down his stylish portmanteau and placed it on the seat beside him, that he might avail himself, if possible, of more space. One and another speedily seated themselves in the vacant places.

"Is this seat engaged?" asked a pleasant voice. Charles looked up. A young man, in a rough coat, a little the worse for wear, a common woolen comber about his neck, a shaggy and well worn cap on his head, stood before him. "That's none of your business," retorted Charles.

"Which means no," was the cool rejoinder, and lifting the handsome article, he swung it in its place in the rack, and before the astonished Charles could find his tongue, he had seated himself by his side.

"That was an impertinent trick of yours," said Charles, hotly. "Paid my fare young man, and am bound to have a seat," was the laughing reply. "I'm not used to sitting with greasy

The Art of Printing.

BY RAYARD TAYLOR.

Perhaps there is no department of enterprise whose details are less understood by intelligent people than the "art preservative"—the achievement of types. Every day their life long, they are accustomed to read the newspaper, to find fault with its statements, its arrangement, its looks; to plume themselves upon the discovery of some roughish and acrobatic type that gets into a frolic, and stands upon its head; or of some waste letter or two in it; but of the process by which the newspaper is made, of the myriads of motions and thousands of pieces necessary to its composition, they know little and think less.

They imagine they discuss it wondrously, indeed, when they speak of the fair white carpet, worn for thought to walk on—of the caps that fluttered upon the back of the beggar yesterday.

But there is something more wonderful still. When we look at the hundred and fifty-two little boxes, somewhat shaded from the touch of the finger, that compose the printer's "case"—noiseless, except the clicking of the types, as one by one they take their places in the growing line—we think we have found the marvel of the art.

We think how many fancies in fragments there are in the boxes, how many atoms of poetry and excellence the printer can make here, and there, if he only had a little chart to work—how many truths in a small "chandler"—how much truth in chaos.

Now he picks up the scattered elements, until he holds in his hand a stanza of "Gray's Elegy," or a monody upon Greece, "all buttoned up before," and now "Paradise Lost." He arranges a bride in "small caps," and a sonnet in "tramp rel," as he announces that the languishing "divorce," and deposes the days that are few and "dead" in the next.

A postscript tracks its way slowly into the printer's hand, like a clock just running down, and a stream of obsequious machines into his letter by letter. We fancy we can tell the difference by hearing of the set, but perhaps not. The types that had a wedding yesterday, announce a burial to-morrow—perhaps the self-same letters.

They are elements to make a world of. These types are a world with something in it as beautiful as Spring, as rich as Summer, and as grand as Autumn flowers, that first can not wilt—fruit that still ripen for all time.

The newspaper has become the beggar of the age; it tells at what rate the world is running, we can not find our way without it. True, the grocer may handle up a pound of candles in our best expressed thoughts, but it is only coming to base use, and that is done times unnumbered. We console ourselves by thinking that one can make of that newspaper what he can not make of living odds—a bridge for time; that he can fling it over the chasm of the dead years, and walk safely back upon the shadowy sea into the fair Past. The singer shall not end his song, nor the true soul be eloquent no more.

The realm of the Press is ennobled ground. At times the editor has the happiness of knowing that he has defeated the right, exposed the wrong, protected the weak; that he has made some happy hap, kindled a smile upon a sad face, or hope in a heavy heart. He may meet with that sentiment many years after a day has left all charm of patriotism, but he feels affection for it. He seldom is as a long absent child. He reads it as if he had just seen it, and wonders it, indeed, to see it. He has changed since then. Perhaps he could not give attention to the sentiment now—perhaps he would not if he could. It seems like the voice of the former self calling to its parent, and there is something mournful in its tone. He begins to think. He remembers why he wrote it, where were his readers then, and whether they have gone; what he then was, and how much he has changed. So he misses, until he finds himself wondering if that thought be his will continue to float after he is dead, and whether he shall really look on something that will survive him. And then comes the sweet consciousness that there is nothing in the sentence that he could wish unwritten—that it is a better part of him—a shred for a garment of immortality he shall leave behind him, when he joins the "innumerable caravan," and takes his place in the silent halls of death.

GARIBALDI'S POSITION.—The Italian journals publish the following characteristic letter from Garibaldi:— My Dear Friends:—I hoped everything from the generous people of August 8, to whom I am bound by love and gratitude, and I have been deeply impressed by the kind reception you have given to Menotti and his wife. This degrading existence to which a handful of wretches, who misgovern it, have consigned our poor country afflicts me as it does you. If, last year, the Italians understood me, I should have been able with you to rescue her from misery and degradation. But unfortunately by the side of the mighty heroes of our time, whose blood has been shed in a hundred battle fields—without seeking for any other reward than that of fighting for Italy—there is always a mass of rabble and doctrinaires, who, traitors, under the pretext of principle and patriotism, abandoned their companions in the hour of danger. Our people, without abandoning the labor which preserves the body, should think of free-

Signs and Omens.

Mr. Triffes is not superstitious, but he heard a story lately which greatly shook his "skeptical-itarianism." It was of an old gentleman in Berks county, whose style was as German as Tom Carlyle's, and who had been asked what he thought of signs and omens.

"Well, I don't think much of dog dings, and I don't believe everythings, but I dells you sometimes dore ish some dings in such dings as dog dings. Now do oder night I sits and reads mine newspaper, and mine frae she speak and say: "Fritz, do dog ish howlin'."

"Well, I don't think much of dog dings, and I don't believe everythings, but I dells you sometimes dore ish some dings in such dings as dog dings. Now do oder night I sits and reads mine newspaper, and mine frae she speak and say: "Fritz, do dog ish howlin'."

"Well, I don't think much of dog dings, and I don't believe everythings, but I dells you sometimes dore ish some dings in such dings as dog dings. Now do oder night I sits and reads mine newspaper, and mine frae she speak and say: "Fritz, do dog ish howlin'."

"Well, I don't think much of dog dings, and I don't believe everythings, but I dells you sometimes dore ish some dings in such dings as dog dings. Now do oder night I sits and reads mine newspaper, and mine frae she speak and say: "Fritz, do dog ish howlin'."

"Well, I don't think much of dog dings, and I don't believe everythings, but I dells you sometimes dore ish some dings in such dings as dog dings. Now do oder night I sits and reads mine newspaper, and mine frae she speak and say: "Fritz, do dog ish howlin'."

"Well, I don't think much of dog dings, and I don't believe everythings, but I dells you sometimes dore ish some dings in such dings as dog dings. Now do oder night I sits and reads mine newspaper, and mine frae she speak and say: "Fritz, do dog ish howlin'."

"Well, I don't think much of dog dings, and I don't believe everythings, but I dells you sometimes dore ish some dings in such dings as dog dings. Now do oder night I sits and reads mine newspaper, and mine frae she speak and say: "Fritz, do dog ish howlin'."

"Well, I don't think much of dog dings, and I don't believe everythings, but I dells you sometimes dore ish some dings in such dings as dog dings. Now do oder night I sits and reads mine newspaper, and mine frae she speak and say: "Fritz, do dog ish howlin'."

"Well, I don't think much of dog dings, and I don't believe everythings, but I dells you sometimes dore ish some dings in such dings as dog dings. Now do oder night I sits and reads mine newspaper, and mine frae she speak and say: "Fritz, do dog ish howlin'."

"Well, I don't think much of dog dings, and I don't believe everythings, but I dells you sometimes dore ish some dings in such dings as dog dings. Now do oder night I sits and reads mine newspaper, and mine frae she speak and say: "Fritz, do dog ish howlin'."

"Well, I don't think much of dog dings, and I don't believe everythings, but I dells you sometimes dore ish some dings in such dings as dog dings. Now do oder night I sits and reads mine newspaper, and mine frae she speak and say: "Fritz, do dog ish howlin'."

Romantic.

The St. Johnsbury Caledonian publishes the following, which is too good to pass over or to bridge:

A quite laughable affair occurred at Paddock's village the other day, that we think will bear circulation. It seems that a young man of that village, who is every way respectable, for aught that is known to the contrary, had paid some slight attentions to a highly respectable girl who was living in the family of Alonzo Owen. From the sequel we infer these attentions were not disapproved by the girl, but said Owen had a different programme. He had a relative at the East Village, or somewhere else, that he proposed should "shine up" to this girl. She preferred to chafe for herself; so when the young man first mentioned asked her to attend the memorial exercises on the 30th ult., with him, she consented. After dinner on Saturday, according to appointment, the young man drove in front of Owen's house, when the said Alonzo came out and ordered him off. While the point of highway was argued, who should drive up but the girl's father. The first comer then appealed to him, stating frankly his errand, and how Owen was endeavoring to thwart his plans, and closed by saying that if the father objected to the arrangement between him and the girl, there was enough said and he would leave. During this palaver, the dimmed appeared at the window, when Owen's wrath overthrew, and seizing her he pushed her up stairs and locked the door upon her.

Very soon after this scene changed. The chamber window suddenly flew up and the girl was seen to spring out upon the ground, full fifteen feet, and run for the wagon, followed closely by the young man and the enraged Owen, who had early discovered that the girl had flown. The girl sprang into the wagon and seized the reins, where she was soon joined by her beau, but not until Owen had struck him some three times. As soon as both got into the wagon the horse was started, but, not to be baffled, Owen seized one of the hind wheels, and holding fast was dragged some distance, until by a rough application of the whip over his head he was induced to relinquish his hold; but by way of a parting salute, seized a stone weighing several pounds and hurled it after them which, fortunately hit the wa on instead of either of its occupants. The young couple then went to the celebration, and when they returned at night found from fifty to a hundred persons in the vicinity of Owen's house, prepared to see that neither of the plucky couple got the "licking" which Owen swore he would give them when they returned. Owen says he shall sell out and leave town.

The following little anecdote which occurs in a Volunteer's Story of his experience of the war, is, we believe, new:— "During the battle (Fort Gibson) Gen. Grant was everywhere in the thickest of the fight, directing movements, regardless of his own personal safety. At one time, when a six-pounder which was shelling the rebels had just been charged, he rode up, and springing from his horse, said, 'Let me take that a moment.' He immediately pointed the gun at a large tree, and fixing his aim, said: 'Now fire.' The shot struck in the crotch of the tree, the branches parted and fell, and he tumbled a pair of rebel sharp-shooters who had been picking off our men. 'Honor!' said the General, and by giving his hat and mounting his horse he was out of sight in a moment."

The two rebel sharp-shooters, Seymour and Blair, will be down track in the same way, in Nov. or.

Lost His Horse.—A German friend will enjoy the following "good thing" as well as we have. A German who had not paid much attention to learning English, had a horse taken from him by a robber, who upon the following advertisement to the printer:— "Von night the adler, (Zy, voo I was lin awake in my sleep, I was awoken by I think was not your rite in my barn, and I rust out stamps to bed and run mit de barn out, and von I was dore soon I sees ray pig ray from me, and he was bin tied loose, and ran mit de stable off, and ever whoo will him back bring. I rust so much pay him an vat bill custumary."

A Circus Case.—It is very clear case that punishment drugs destroy health. Druggists adulterate produce decayed teeth, breakable, and dyspepsia, and general debility. It is so clear that Pyle's Salutaris is pure, wholesome, and efficient. General persons use no other. Sold by grocers everywhere in second packages. One needs only to try its virtues to be convinced of the efficacy of Johnson's Adulyce Lintment. So sure, as pay.

The great organ in the Philadelphia Cathedral is nearly finished.

Memphis rejoices in a Central Park just thrown open to the public.

In Iowa the sky is nightly made red from the burning of straw stacks.

A machine has been invented which will manufacture 1,000 cigars daily.

Lane Seminary, near Cincinnati, has opened.

Wesleyan University, Conn., has forty-three new students.

Rev. J. K. Stone, of Keosauqua, is now President of Hobart College.

Williams' College base ball boys kind at a match game with Princeton.

A fund of \$150,000 has been raised for new buildings at Hobart College.

A 250,000 bushel grain elevator is being put up in Boston at a cost of \$100,000.

Nine Democratic papers have started in Wisconsin since the nomination of Grant.